

# Saturday Magazine.

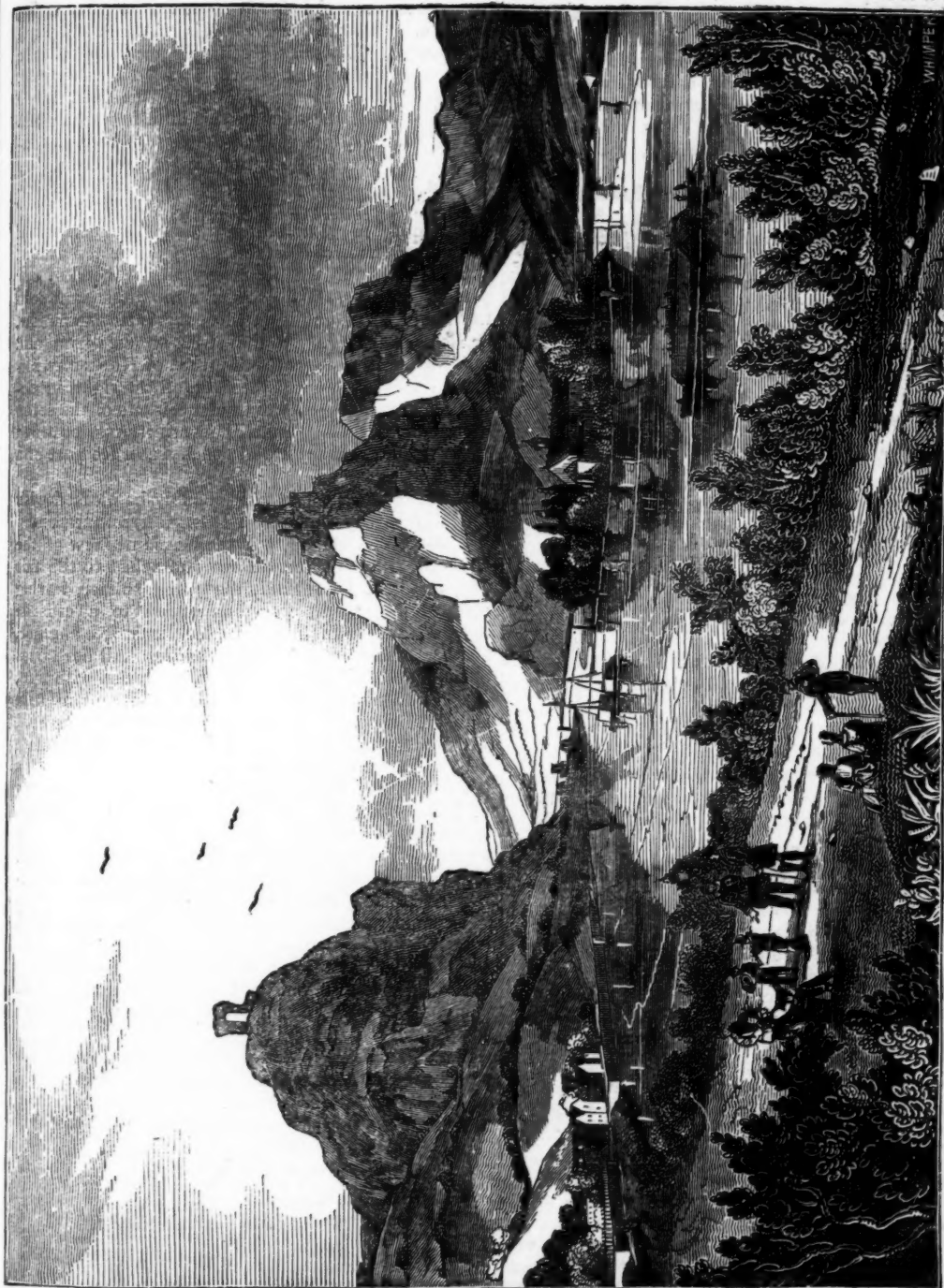
Nº 89.

NOVEMBER

23<sup>RD</sup>, 1833.

PRICE  
ONE PENNY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,  
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



BRACHENFELS, OR DRAGON'S ROCK.

RELANDER, OR ROLAND'S CORNER.

VIEW ON THE RHINE.

## THE RHINE.

ROLANDSECK, THE DRACHENFELS, AND NONNENWERTHER.

ALL travellers agree in admiring the Rhine; and, however highly the expectations of visitors may have been raised by the reports of others, we venture to believe, that no one who has seen that remarkable river in fair weather, can have quitted its banks with a feeling of disappointment.

To form an adequate idea, however, of the beauties of the Rhine, the tourist must view it in its course between the cities of Cologne and Mayence, that he may meet with that varied and romantic scenery for which it is so justly celebrated. Slopes planted with rich vineyards, or covered with corn-fields; neat-looking villages coming down almost to the water's edge; mountains, whose rugged and irregular shapes present a striking contrast with the soft and cultivated vales below; bare and black rocks, surmounted by ruins of ancient castles, or convents; and not a few large and populous towns; appear at intervals, and keep the attention engaged. Among the latter, may be mentioned *Cologne*, with its gigantic and unfinished cathedral; the pleasant little town of *Bonn*; *Andernach*, famed for its mill-stones and factories; *Coblenz*, as its Roman name *Confluentia* imports, marking the confluence of the rivers Rhine and Moselle; *Ehrenbreitstein*, with its strong fortifications; *Baccharach* (from *Bacchus*, or *Bacchus' Altar*), renowned of old for its vines; *Bingen*, where the Rhine pursues its course between ranges of wild and majestic mountains; *Johannisberg*, noted for its Hock; and *Mayence*, or *Mentz*, for its antiquity, and magnificent buildings. In touching upon some of the leading features of this river, it will be observed, that we are alluding to that most picturesque and interesting portion of it called the MIDDLE RHINE. To make such an excursion more easy, and to give greater certainty as to time, than in former periods, in this age of improvement, steam affords its aid; and during a great part of the year, a large and convenient steam-packet proceeds daily each way between Cologne and Mayence.

The RHINE takes its rise among the heights of Mount St. Gothard in Switzerland, and, being enlarged by various torrents, rushes through the Lake of Constance, thence flowing by Schaffhausen, near which place it has a grand fall from a height of between seventy and eighty feet. After two more falls at considerable intervals, the river keeps on its rapid course to Basil, or Bâle, between which town and Strasburg, it becomes navigable, but not for large vessels. At Strasburg, it takes the name of the UPPER RHINE, and is so called as far as Mayence: there, until it reaches Cologne, it is known as the MIDDLE RHINE; and from Cologne to its outlets in Holland, it is called the LOWER RHINE.

In the Netherlands and Holland, the character of the Rhine scenery is no longer attractive. The river, after passing some flourishing towns and villages, divides into two streams near Emmerick in the Duchy of Cleves: one branch forfeits its name, and, taking that of Waal, proceeds to Dort; but again changes its name on uniting with the Meuse at Gorcum, and at last enters the German Ocean. The other stream that had branched off near Emmerick, is again disjoined, one of its channels hastening to lose itself in the Zuider Zee. The remaining portion, however, though it is again separated, goes under the title of the OLD RHINE to Leyden, where it divides into several branches. These formerly became lost among the sand; but they have been reunited into a canal which has three sluices, the last of which, at the village of Catwyck, is kept shut by the sea at high tide; but when it falls, this

remnant of the noble OLD RHINE forces the sluice open, and rushes out into the ocean.

The most charming prospects will be found between Bonn and Bingen, a distance of nearly a hundred miles. It is no wonder that amidst scenes so wild and beautiful, the poetical genius of a chivalrous and superstitious age should have found ample materials for legends and tales. In the greater number, indeed, of the *Legends of the Rhine*, it is difficult to find much that can be called probably true, while the bright fiction woven into them must be clear to every observer.

The very names of many of the places on its banks are expressive, and bespeak some tradition belonging to them. Such are the *Treuenfels*, (Rock of Fidelity,) *Drachenfels*, (Dragon's Rock,) *Wolkenburg*, (Castle of Clouds,) *Loewenberg*, (Lions' Rock,) *Ehrenbreitstein*, (Broad Stone of Honour.) One of the most simple and pleasing of the titles of this kind has been given by the boatmen to a part of the river, where, in consequence of its rapid but not dangerous course, they are not obliged to ply their oars. It is called *Gottes-hülfe*, (God's Help.) Near to this passage, is a point of uncommon beauty and interest, as well on account of the scenery, as of the pathetic story connected with it.

To the left of the engraving, at the head of our present number, on the top of a mountain, are seen the mouldering ruins of a castle; this is ROLANDSECK, or *Roland's Corner*. In the river, on an island, and imbosomed in trees, is the Convent of NONNENWERTHER; and lower down the river, on the right, in descending from Mayence to Cologne, is one of the seven mountains, the Rock called DRACHENFELS, crowned by a gray old crust of a wall which was once part of a large castle.

Some of our readers will probably be pleased with the following specimen of a RHENISH LEGEND.

Roland, or Orlando, was the heroic nephew of the Emperor Charlemagne. Deeply attached to the fair and excellent Hildegund, the young soldier, having pledged his troth, was summoned to a crusade against the pagan host. In his lamented absence, she heard that he was dead in battle. All her hopes of happiness in life appearing to be buried with him, she determined to renounce the world, and to take the veil. Scarcely was the solemn service at an end, when a trumpet announced the return of Roland, who had been wounded and restored to health. But it was too late: Hildegund lived a nun, in the convent of Nonnenwerther; and he, in order to be near her melancholy dwelling, built a hermitage for his residence, on the spot where Rolandseck now stands. At her death, which happened soon after, the heart-broken Roland sought for fate in the dangers of the field, and was killed at the battle of Roncevaux.

Schiller's German poem on this subject varies from the above account, in some particulars, especially in the difference of name and place, he having fixed the latter in Switzerland, and styled Roland, (far less poetically,) "Toggenburg!"

Mr. Campbell, in his version of the legend, has introduced with good effect the principal objects, seen at one view in the engraving:

The brave Roland! the brave Roland!  
False tidings reached the Rhenish strand,  
That he had fall'n in fight:  
And thy faithful bosom swoon'd with pain,  
Thou loveliest maiden of Allemaigne,  
For the loss of thine own true Knight.  
But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,  
In yon Nonnenwerther's cloisters pale?  
For her vow had scarce been sworn,  
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,  
When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung!  
Twas her own dear warrior's horn.

Woe! woe! each heart shall bleed, shall break;  
 She would have hung upon his neck,  
 Had he come but yester-even!  
 And he had clasp'd those peerless charms,  
 That shall never, never, fill his arms,  
 Nor meet him, but in Heaven.

Yet Roland the brave, Roland the true,  
 He would not bid that spot adieu,  
 'Twas dear still midst his woes  
 For he loved to breathe the neigh'ring air,  
 And to think she bless'd him in her prayer  
 When the Hallelujah rose!

She died. He sought the battle-plain!  
 Her image fill'd his dying brain,  
 When he fell and wished to fall:  
 And her name was in his latest sigh,  
 When Roland, the flower of chivalry,  
 Expired at Roncesvalles.

Drachenfels is the highest of the *Siebengebirge*, or Seven Mountains. Its castle formerly belonged to the Counts of Drachenfels, who became extinct in 1580.

However pleasing to the eye may be the ruins of these castellated mansions, which in various parts adorn the banks of the Rhine, it cannot be doubted, that in former days, they were often the strong-holds of violence and cruelty, and that within those now crumbling walls, was perpetrated many a deed of vice. So oppressive was the tyranny of most of the nobles who occupied them, and who, under the name of Lords of the Castles, exacted enormous tolls, of those who happened to fall within their reach, that sixty of the towns on the Rhine combined in a league to put them down. Several sieges were the result; and many of the castles which were then destroyed by fire, have for centuries presented little more of the signs of habitation than we now see.

Nonnenwerther, an island of about one hundred English acres, contains a large building, on the site of which was the ancient convent of Frauenwörth, founded for nuns in 1122. In 1773, the convent was burnt down, and rebuilt on a larger and better scale. Napoleon, on becoming master of that country, opposed the establishment, and prevented any addition to the number of its inmates. After the war, in 1815, it became, as it still remains, a part of the Prussian dominions. On the death of the few nuns, who had been allowed by Napoleon, at the Empress Josephine's request, to continue, the house was sold, and converted into an excellent Hotel. For the geologist, the island and its neighbourhood have some attractions, as quantities of *basaltic columns* are to be found there, and groups of the same curious production lie, scarcely concealed, beneath the water, opposite to the village of Unkel, near at hand, making the navigation of the Rhine at that spot extremely dangerous to the careless and inexperienced.

#### THE BURNING OF AN INDIAN WIDOW.

BEFORE we quitted this neighbourhood we had an opportunity of witnessing a suttee\*, one of the most revolting customs of a besotted superstition to be found in the records of ages. The widow was young and interesting, rather stout, but finely shaped, and scarcely darker than a woman of Italy. We had no difficulty in approaching the pile, sufficiently near to see all that passed with a most appalling distinctness. She had an infant a few months old, at which she gazed with a vacant indifference, as if the mental absorption of a higher duty left her no thoughts for earthly objects;—she seemed scarcely conscious of its presence. There was, indeed, a sort of sublime tranquillity in the expression of her features, amid the frightful preparations that were making around her, which could not but excite my admiration at the firm tone of her mind, and her resolved energy of purpose; yet this was almost neutralized in my breast by a feeling between pity and disgust, and

though I could have wept at the contemplation of what she was about to suffer, I could also have railed on her for the brutal apathy with which she seemed prepared to meet her dreadful trial. A considerable interval elapsed before all things were ready for the one great act of immolation, and by this time some change had clearly taken place in her sensations. There was now a manifest confusion and nervous anxiety in her clear dark eye, which gradually became more expressive, but more wild. Her senses had been evidently "steeped in forgetfulness," or, at all events, paralyzed by the too free use of that drug (opium) which is so often employed, and with such fatal efficacy, upon these and similar melancholy occasions, in order to disarm the terrors, and confirm the fortitude, of those miserable victims who are doomed, by the ferocious sanctity of Hindoo superstition, to a premature death, and that too the most horrible. She was rapidly recovering from the partial stupor in which her mental faculties had been involved, and in proportion as her perception cleared, her terrors visibly multiplied. Her actions, which had at first appeared merely mechanical, now seemed directed by her returning impulses, which every moment grew stronger and more distressing. Still, though there was manifestly a fierce struggle within, it was plain to be seen that her efforts to obtain the mastery over her wavering resolution were those of no common mind, and of no common energy; she was, however, so assailed by the tide of emotions which now seemed to rush like a torrent upon her soul, that her actions were often incoherent. She divided among her friends the different ornaments of her dress, with the look and bearing of one who, from the distraction of her thoughts, scarcely knew what she was doing; but, suddenly, hearing the cry of her babe, all the feelings of the mother returned; her eye dilated with a sudden gleam of tender recognition, her lip quivered, her bosom heaved, her breath escaped in short, hard gaspings; she sprang forward, tore it from the arms of an attendant, and clasped it passionately to her bosom. Her convulsive sobs struck upon my ear with a most thrilling potency of appeal, but there was no possibility of rescuing her from the doom to which she had chosen to submit. It was now clear to all the bystanders, that she was inwardly shrinking from the last act of this most horrible sacrifice; she stood before us an image of mute but agonized despair.

The officiating Bramins, seeing that it was time to urge the consummation of this detestable oblation, and fearing lest she should relent, commanded all her relatives, friends, and attendants, to retire. In a few moments a large area was left around the pile, within which stood no one, save the unhappy victim and her sanctified executioners. Before the area was cleared, one of these smooth-browed monsters had forcibly taken the child from the mother's arms, and given it to an attendant, unheeding of the cries of the one, or the agonies of the other. The widow—and now she did indeed appear beautiful—knowing what was to succeed, gave way to the struggles of nature, fell on her knees, raised her eyes towards heaven, and clasped her hands in a transport of speechless anguish. One of the Bramins approached her with an air of calm but stern authority, raised her from her recumbent position, then, with the assistance of a companion equally stern and unfeeling, violently urged her towards the pile. She struggled, and the energy with which despair had armed her, enabled her successfully to resist the united efforts of those sleek high-priests of the altar of a most infernal superstition. Upon seeing this, several of these cruel functionaries rushed forward and dragged her towards the faggots, which were well smeared with ghee†, in order to accelerate their combustion—a contingent mercy arising out of the policy of securing a speedy termination to the suttee's sufferings, as, the quicker the process, the less the chance of rescue or escape. The moment her voice was raised, it was drowned in the mingled clamour of tom-toms, pipes, and the shouts of hundreds of half-mad fanatics, who had assembled to see the horrid issue of a devoted fanaticism. Her struggles were now unavailing; she was soon dragged to the pile and forced upon it; at this time she appeared exhausted by her continued exertions. When seated on the faggots, her husband's head was placed upon her lap, the straw, which had been plentifully strewed underneath the wood, was fired, when the flames instantly ascending, enveloped the beautiful Hindoo, at once shutting her out for ever from human sight and from human sympathy. Lest in her agonies she should leap from the pile, she was kept down upon it by long bamboos; the ends being placed upon

\* The suttee is an Indian widow who burns herself upon the body of her dead husband.

† Clarified butter, made from the milk of the buffalo.



her body by the officiating Bramins, who leaned their whole weight upon the centre of the pole with which each was furnished, and which each zealously applied to this holy purpose, so that she could not rise. Her sufferings were soon terminated, as the wood burned with extreme rapidity and fury. Thus ended this infernal holocaust!

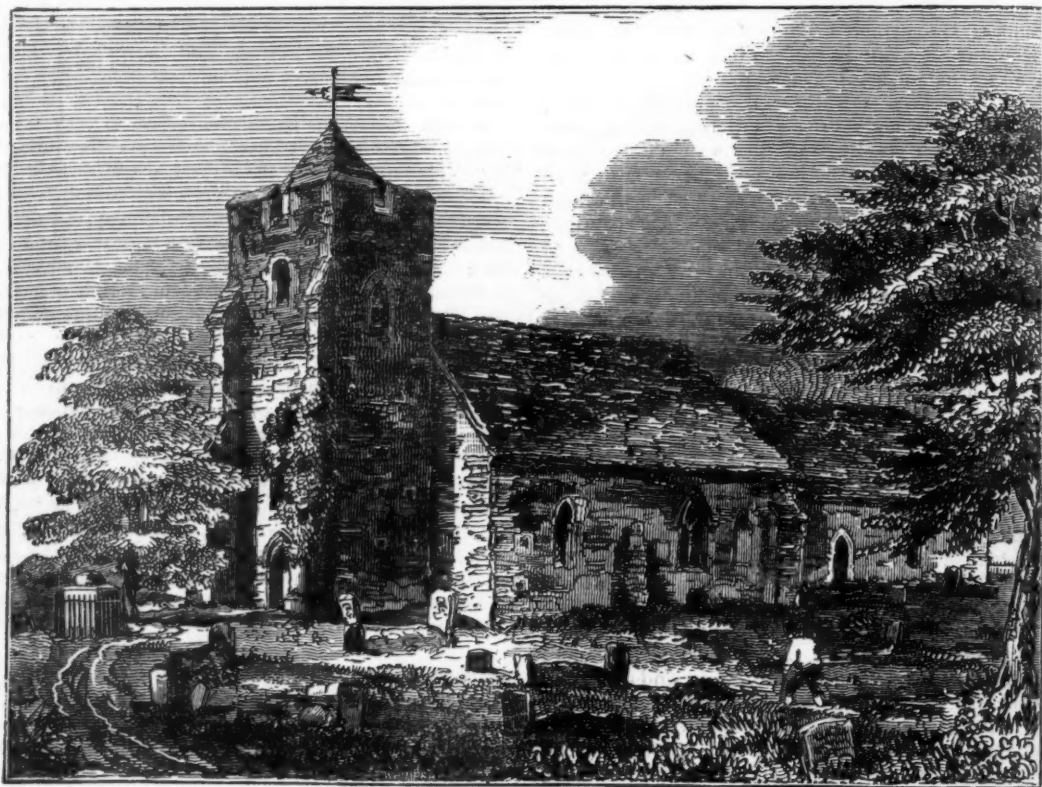
[From the ORIENTAL ANNUAL.]

### THE VILLAGE OF MESSINGHAM, LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE Village of Messingham is situated on the road from Gainsborough to Winterton. It stands on a gentle declivity of cultivated ground, overlooking that large tract of low land, through which "the smug and silver Trent" pours its waters to the Humber. This low land was formerly an immense forest, which having entirely decayed away, became

a swampy tract of peat and peat-earth, interspersed with barren sand-hills and large pits of water, and, when in a state of open common, presented an appearance singularly wretched and dreary. It was observed by an old lady, who had travelled over a great part of Europe, that the most miserable place she "had ever seen, was a village called Messingham, in Lincolnshire." The truth of this remark every one will readily admit, who knew the place previous to the enclosure, in 1800.

After that time, a great and rapid improvement took place. The land was better cultivated, new houses were built, roads made, and a general air of comfort and cleanliness superseded the former squalid wretchedness of the place. But the house of God, the spire of which had fallen down, remained in its old ruinous condition.



MESSINGHAM CHURCH.

In the year 1818, Dr. Bayley, the vicar, resolved to have the fabric put into a state of repair, and rendered, at least, a comfortable and decent place of worship. He agreed with the parishioners, on the payment by them of three hundred pounds, in four annual instalments, to defray the whole expense of rebuilding the nave and aisles; this he accomplished, at the cost to himself of *sixteen hundred pounds*. The tower was in good condition, having been erected after the fall of the spire, and Mr. Walker, the present lessee of the great tithes, liberally undertook to rebuild the chancel at his own cost, upon which he expended two hundred pounds.

A very neat church, in the old style of architecture, was erected, under the direction of Mr. Wilson, F.A.S., of Lincoln, an eminent ecclesiastical architect and antiquarian. The inside of the roof was finished with Gothic rafters, and panelled between with deal boards. The chancel roof has a peculiarly neat appearance, not only from the beautiful design of the principal supporters, but from its being panelled

with narrow boards, made of English larch. The pulpit, the reading-pews, and the stained glass windows, are the objects to which I would call the attention of those to whom matters of this kind are interesting; as they show, very forcibly, what beautiful things an ingenious and intelligent artist may construct out of materials which many persons would consider of no value, and which, in this case, had actually been thrown aside as so much old lumber.

The pulpit was made out of an old canopy from Lincoln Minster, where it formerly stood over three figures, which used to strike the hours and quarters: the carving upon it is in the first style of workmanship, and a similar one could not now be got up for less than two hundred pounds. The minister's and clerk's reading-pews were constructed out of an old desk which had been thrown aside, and was decaying with damp, in a vacant part of Althorpe Church. The carved work on the door of the minister's pew, and the back of his seat, was taken from an ancient screen, which stood in the south aisle of the old church.

The east window in the chancel, and the east window in the south aisle, are composed of fragments of stained glass given by several friends to Dr. Bayley. These materials were arranged and put together by Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Bayley, and Mr. Stonehouse, the Curate, assisted by a glazier from the neighbouring village of Scotton.

I find an entry in a blank leaf of the old Parish Register, stating from whence the different compartments and pieces of glass came. "The two large figures, in the upper part of the window, were the gift of Mrs. Henry Smith, of Gainsborough. They were originally in the windows of the old church at Kettlethorpe, as were also the representation of St. Thomas's Unbelief, and our Saviour's Descent into Hell, which were given by the same lady. Several pieces were brought from Scotton Church; and when these fragments were in their original situation, they were so covered with filth, that few people thought them worth notice. Among these were some beautiful vine-leaves, a figure of the Virgin and Child, several shields, &c. &c. The figure, except the head, with a globe in its hand, came from Snarford Church. The head was brought by Dr. Bayley some years before, with other fragments, from Great Malvern Church, in Worcestershire, when that beautiful fabric was undergoing repair. The mutilated figure of a horse came from Manchester, where the writer of this memoir procured all the beautiful pale bright yellow glass, placed in different parts of the window. It was taken out of the windows of the Collegiate Church, then under repair. The best specimens of scarlet-coloured glass were in the windows of the old church. The glass in the window on the south aisle, came from Manchester, except the shields

and other centre-pieces. The figure in the upper part was in one of the windows of the old church."

Every admirer of the fine arts who visits Messingham Church, will readily allow that the work amply repaid the time and patience bestowed upon it. A very beautiful and rich window, containing some exceedingly fine specimens of old stained glass, was made from fragments, many of them apparently worthless, and some of which had been buried in mortar and whitewash for a long series of years.

I beg leave to remind those amongst my readers, who take any interest in collecting and preserving fragments of ancient stained glass, that it is a very common practice to plaster up the heads and framework of the windows in old churches, instead of repairing them when broken. When this rubbish is removed, pieces of stained glass will frequently be found, such as heads of figures, crests, or parts of shields, &c. A little spirit of sults will remove all impurities from the surface, and the colours, being imperishable, will then appear in their original brilliancy.

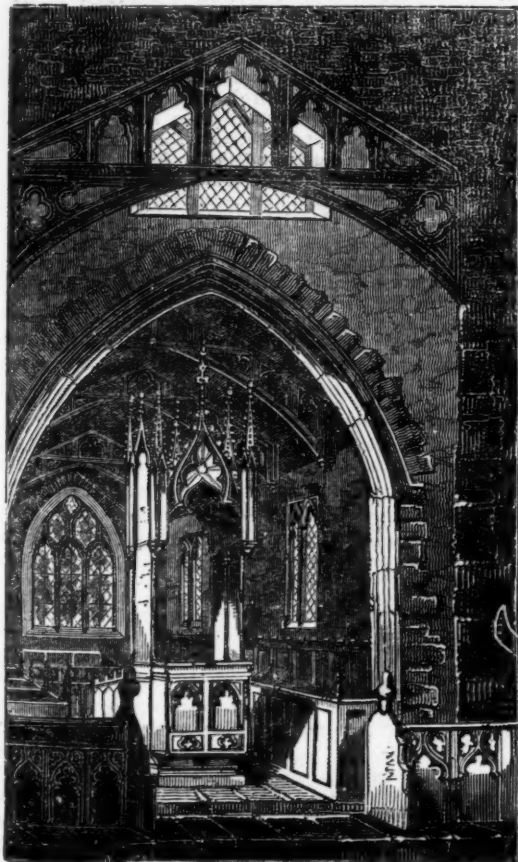
I cannot conclude this short notice of the restoration of Messingham Church, without contributing a small tribute of respect to the worthy vicar, by whose liberality this good work was effected; nor without expressing deep regret, that any consideration whatever should have induced him to resign the living, and leave a place for the good of which he had done so much. Rebuilding the church was but one of the many liberal acts which Dr. Bayley performed for the village of Messingham. He found employment for the poor labourer; he provided the sick and infirm with food and medicine; and he instituted, and maintained at his own sole expense, a free day-school on the National plan.

But he laboured in a barren soil. Many of the inhabitants seemed to have no proper sense of his disinterestedness and public spirit. When he began to rebuild the church, some of them said "he would make a fine penny out of the parish!" When he had finished it, at so large an expenditure of his private fortune, there were those who said "Government gave him the money!" J. S.

CHARLES BRANDON, Duke of Suffolk, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, married Mary Queen of France, widow of Louis the Twelfth. The following was his motto at a tournament, upon his marriage with the queen, (the trappings of his horse being, half cloth of gold, and the other half, frize):

Cloth of gold! Do not despise,  
Though thou art match'd with cloth of frize  
Cloth of frize! Be not too bold  
Though thou art match'd with cloth of gold.

THE Baron de Castelnau was accused of being engaged in the conspiracy of Amboise. He had surrendered on the faith of a compact for personal security, attested by the signature of the Duke of Nemours. In spite of this solemn agreement he was subjected to an interrogatory, and threatened with the question. For a moment he hesitated and was silent, and the Duke of Guise taunted him with fear. "Fear!" was the noble answer, "I by no means deny it; what man is there among you, unless he be destitute of all feeling, who could be wholly free from such an emotion, if he found himself bound hand and foot, and tossed to the mercy of his implacable enemies, thirsting to drink his blood! But give me back my sword, and then venture upon your taunt; or change places with me, and answer whether every limb in your body would not tremble; That natural feeling with which you reproach me, through God's aid, however, shall by no means impair the judgment and presence of mind which are necessary for my defence." And never, during a long and trying examination, was clearer self-possession or more tranquil courage manifested, than that which he continued to display.—*SMEDLEY'S Reformation in France.*



PULPIT AND WINDOW OF MESSINGHAM CHURCH.

## LOAN FUNDS.

## No. II.

IN London, a charity of this kind has existed for some years, called the *Sloane Street Benevolent Loan Society*, and has done a vast deal of good; but loans are there made to a larger amount than would, perhaps, suit the subscriptions of any other place except the metropolis. In Bristol, a small capital, which never exceeded 4321., enabled a Society, called the *Bristol Prudent Man's Friend Society*, to circulate an amount of 14,3601. 18s. among the necessitous and industrious, during the period from 1812 to 1825, where it is represented that small sums, thus employed, have saved whole families from becoming dependent on charity or parochial aid. It was established partly from the observation that Benefit Societies were only applicable in cases of sickness or old age, and not in cases of accident or emergency. In Bath, a Loan Fund has been grafted on the Mendicity Society. The Loan department has been established since 1808; the annual average sum lent, has been about 6401.; the annual average deficit about 61.; the average number of families annually relieved, about 240. The description of persons obtaining loans, are principally the humbler class of tradespeople and mechanics, suffering under temporary distress caused by sickness, or anxious to avoid coming on the parish by engaging in some business, which they would be unable to commence without a small sum by way of capital. The same individuals become eligible for a new loan when a year has elapsed since the last instalment of the previous loan was repaid. The instalments are one shilling in the pound, paid weekly, and no interest is demanded for money lent. The loans never exceed five pounds. The Court of Requests held at the Town Hall once a week, takes cognizance of debts under 101., and is a powerful engine for keeping up the instalments, and for the recovery of money from the security, should the borrower fail.

In the parish of Lorton, and another agricultural district of Sussex, funds of this nature have been lately commenced in aid of the labouring poor.

At Tunbridge Wells, a Loan Fund has been established during the present year, and the details of its progress, hitherto, are encouraging and satisfactory. It is represented that there is an idea of extending the benefit of this Fund to the neighbouring parishes, for the cultivation of small portions of ground, provided the means admit of this extension, and the fund is assisted by those able to contribute.

With reference to Ireland, it appears desirable to make an extract from the Report of the Parliamentary Committee of 1830, appointed to inquire into the distress of that country, recommending the diffusion of the Loan System, and giving instances of the honesty and punctuality of the Irish in making repayments to funds of this nature.

*Extract from the Report of the Committee of 1830.*

As one mode of ascertaining the economical condition of the people of Ireland, your Committee have considered the state of some of the charitable Loans, and the accounts of the Savings' Banks. Under the first class of these institutions small loans are made to necessitous, but trustworthy persons, which are repayable, with interest, and reapplied in the same manner. Thus the charity not only supports itself, but the principal accumulates by the addition of interest.

During the management of Mr. Baylee, a witness examined before your Committee, the Pery Charitable Loan has more than doubled; not a farthing of the money is idle: as soon as the amount of the Loan is collected, that Loan is instantly let out, and it is stated to have had the effect of producing habits of punctuality in the performance of their engagements.

In Derry a similar charity was established. A principal sum of £500, in small loans, has, in twenty-one years, been lent out in 12,600 small loans, giving relief to families containing 63,000 persons, and affording pecuniary assistance equal to £27,300. On this sum the loss by default of payment has not exceeded £7. 1s.

The same system has been applied, with equally useful effects, to the encouragement of industry among the fishermen, and it has been a most gratifying circumstance to your Committee to remark, that a balance of the subscription raised in England in 1823, for the relief of Irish distress, continues to be usefully and benevolently applied to this purpose. Mr. Barry observes, "that the repayment of these small loans has been uncommonly regular, considering the miserable state of destitution in which these persons are, a fact which proves that there is a very current disposition on the part of the peasantry to avail themselves of any advantages which may be granted; and that there is a fair and honest disposition to make repayment when they are enabled so to do."—*Report*, No. 1, p. 17.

In the Meath Loan Fund, which is the largest in Dublin, only 81. has been lost by bad debts during ten years;

but its beneficial effects continue to be felt in every part of that city.

At Castle Townshend, in the county Cork, a fund was carried on for two years by a friend of the writer, during which time the utmost assistance was rendered to all descriptions of the poorer classes, and at the close of the period mentioned, when the fund was called in to be handed over to a new secretary, not a shilling was lost. Its utility and complete success were so striking, that upon this occasion its means were increased by subscriptions to more than treble their original amount.

One instance more. The writer was himself engaged in the management of a charitable Loan Fund in one of the midland counties in Ireland, during the greater part of the first year of its establishment. The result of the first year's proceedings was as follows: the original sum subscribed amounted to a little more than 1001.: 6951. was circulated during the year: 425 persons obtained loans: 240 persons became securities: 11. 5s. was lost, though made up within a few shillings, by fines of 6d., considered necessary, and adopted in compliance with one of the rules. These facts are worthy of consideration.

In Scotland, a vast deal of benefit has resulted from banks and cash credits, nearly on the system here recommended; but they are chiefly for a class above that of the labouring poor, and do not descend to a scale sufficiently low for them. One of the Parliamentary witnesses examined on the subject of Scotch Banking, observes, that a sum less than 501. is seldom lent. How desirable it is that the poorest and most numerous class of society, should have similar advantages! All improvement in a man's condition is relative, and the use of a sum of from one to five pounds, may confer as much real and essential service on the poor, as hundreds or thousands could on those in a more elevated and wealthy station of life.

There can be but little doubt that Ireland, full of resources, abounding in industry, and yet grievously poor, is precisely in that situation where a circulation of money, employed on legitimate objects, will prove of peculiar value. By Loan Funds this may speedily be effected. But in the absence of such establishments, the artificers remain idle, unable to obtain the price of tools and the raw materials of work, the field remains unproductive, and half tilled, for want of drainage and manure, perhaps altogether unoccupied, for want of seed; and in scarce seasons, instances have occurred, where the pressure of immediate want has, of necessity, so far banished all other considerations, that the potatoes sown in the ground for seed, have been dug up again for food! These may undoubtedly be called extreme cases, but probably in all districts, instances in point have occurred; and even where fair rents, judicious superintendence, and a demand for labour, have promoted comparative comfort, it would receive very considerable increase, if the improving and industrious occupant could obtain temporary assistance for those purposes which promise an ample return for expenditure. Fortunately, by the consideration and benevolence of their wealthier neighbours, a benevolence attended by a very small sacrifice of time or money, the poor and industrious may be enabled in some degree to participate in those benefits which the use of money may always confer, if properly applied.

The two following examples of the success of the plan fell under the notice of the writer.

*Memorandum, Carnew, Nov. 13, 1832.*

Patrick Neale, basket-maker, told me to-day, that, being in distress, he borrowed £2. 10s. from a person charitably disposed towards him; he went to Ross, bought strips of wood not to be procured in his own neighbourhood at a reasonable price, found ample employment—earned 10s. a week—repaid 6s. a week, and cleared off all his debt, making £3. 10s. profit—looks forward to buying more articles, as there is a prospect of a continued demand.

F. T.

*Stradbally, October, 1832.*

*Another Memorandum.*—While riding to-day in the wild and beautiful hills of this neighbourhood, we met a fine flock of turkeys. My companion, being in want of poultry, asked an old woman, who, from her position, was evidently lady of all she surveyed, whether she would sell her turkeys. "No, your Reverence, said she, but you should have them, if I sold them to any body." My companion inquired why he was so favoured. "Is 'nt it your Reverence that gave them to me?" "Me, no." "Sure, an' it is 'dint you let me have ten shillings of the Court\* money, to buy the ould ones, and they'll be the making of me."

\* So the Loan-Fund money was called, from the place where the business was carried on.



## A NOBLE PEASANT.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, so emphatically described as  
Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

has left in the hearts of all, to whom genuine feeling and sincere Christian morality are dear, a memorial which shall long outlive the marble that records his worth. His Poems are a treasure in the literature of a Christian nation; and from their perusal we can never rise but with hearts chastened and subdued, by the tone of piety which breathes in every line. The following picture of a "Noble Peasant" is extracted from his poem, entitled the *Parish Register*. Oh! that but half our peasantry would emulate such a model! After enumerating sundry "Burials," he proceeds to tell us that next,—

A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.  
Noble he was, contemplating all things mean,  
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene.  
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;  
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd;  
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace,  
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;  
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,  
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved.  
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,  
And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind.  
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,  
And gave allowance where he needed none.  
Good he refused with future ill to buy,  
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh,  
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast  
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd.  
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind,  
To miss one favour which their neighbours find!)  
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;  
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.  
I mark'd his action when his infant died,  
And his old neighbour for offence was tried,  
The still tears stealing down that furrow'd cheek,  
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.  
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,  
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride.  
Nor pride in learning, though my Clerk agreed,  
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed  
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew  
None his superior, and his equals few;  
But if that spirit in his soul had place,  
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;  
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,  
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd;  
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,  
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;  
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,—  
In fact, a noble passion, *misnamed* pride.

He had no party's rage, no sect's whim,—  
Christian and countryman was all with him:  
True to his church he came; no Sunday shower  
Kept him at home in that important hour;  
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,  
By the strong glare of their new light direct.  
In times severe, when many a sturdy swain  
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain,  
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,  
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

Here is all the manly bearing, and bold outline of character which the pencil of a Savior might have been proud to delineate in the sister art; but Isaac Ashford was mortal, and thus does his worthy Pastor chant his elegy.

I feel his absence in the house of prayer,  
And view his seat and sigh for Isaac there;  
I see no more those white locks thinly spread  
Round the bald polish of that honour'd head;  
No more that awful glance on playful wight,  
Compelled to kneel, and tremble at the sight,  
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,  
Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile;  
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,  
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there:  
But he is blessed, and I lament no more,  
A wise good man contented to be poor.

E. A. J.

## THE CLIMATE OF AMERICA.

ALLUSION has already been made in this work to the climate of England, in order to satisfy the reader that the alleged superiority of the temperature of other countries over our own is not founded in fact. If, as is the case in some countries, their inhabitants live under more fervid skies, and have a larger share of the sun's rays than we possess, we shall, nevertheless, find that there is something to counterbalance these advantages, and which ought to convince us that a climate, which, during the twelve months, is less liable to violent changes, is not only far more healthful, but allows the daily operations of mankind to be pursued with much greater convenience.

H. M.

"Judging from my own experience, I should certainly pronounce the climate of the northern and central States of North America to be only one degree better than that of Nova Scotia, which struck me, when there, in 1814, as being the very worst in the world. On making the American coast, (New York, Nov., 1830,) we had four days of denser fog than I ever saw in London. After my arrival, the weather, for about a week, was very fine. It then became cloudy and tempestuous, and during the whole period of my residence at Boston I scarcely saw the sun. At Philadelphia, there came on a deluge of snow, by which the ground was covered from January till March. At Baltimore, there was no improvement: snow lay deep on the ground during the whole period of my residence at Washington, and the roads were only passable with difficulty. On crossing the Alleghany Mountains, however, the weather became delightful, and continued so during the voyage to New Orleans. Whilst I remained in that city, three days out of every four were oppressively close and sultry, and the atmosphere was damp, and unpleasant to breathe. During my journey from Mobile to Charleston, though generally hotter than desirable, the weather was, in the main, bright and beautiful: but the very day of my arrival at the latter place, the thermometer fell twenty degrees: and in the thirty-third degree of latitude, in the month of May, the inmates of the hotel were crowding round a blazing fire. On my return to New York, I found the population still muffled in cloaks and great coats, and the weather bitterly cold. Not a vestige of spring was discernible, at a season when, in England, the whole country is covered with verdure. During the last week of May, however, the heat became very great.

"In the northern and central States, the annual range of the thermometer exceeds 100°. The heat in summer is that of Jamaica; the cold in winter that of Russia. Such enormous vicissitudes must necessarily impair the vigour of the human frame; and when we take into calculation the vast portion of the United States in which the atmosphere is contaminated by marsh exhalations, it will not be difficult, with the auxiliary influences of dram-drinking and tobacco-chewing, to account for the squalid and sickly aspect of the population. Among the peasantry, I never saw one florid and robust man, nor any one distinguished by that fulness and roundness of muscle which every where meets the eye in England. In many parts of the State of New York, the appearance of the inhabitants was such as to excite compassion. In the Maremma of Tuscany, and the Campagna of Rome, I had seen beings similar, but scarcely more wretched. In the 'fall,' as they call it, intermittent fevers come as regularly as the fruit-season. During my journey, I made inquiries at many cottages, and found none of them had escaped the scourge. But inquiries were useless; the answer was generally too legible in the countenance of the withered mother, and in those of her emaciated offspring. It seems ridiculous to compare such a climate with that of England."—HAMILTON'S *Men and Manners in America*.

A SAILOR dropped out of the main-top of a man-of-war, and, after in some degree breaking his fall by catching at the rigging, fell on the lieutenant's head and knocked him down on the quarter-deck. The sailor jumped up, as did the lieutenant;—"You rascal," said the lieutenant, "where did you come from?"—"From the north of Ireland, an' please your honour," answered the sailor.—*Thoughts on Laughter*

THE object of speech is to convey truth; and, if it is ever used to deceive, it is a wicked abuse of one of the best blessings, and most distinguishing faculties allotted to man. It is a crime which does not merely consist in a wilful falsehood; it extends to all those little prevarications and mental reservations which mislead the judgment of others.

—MRS KING.

## THE GREAT BLACK WOODPECKER.

*(Picus martius.)*

THE species of Woodpecker seen in the engraving, is at present very rarely met with in this country, but is still common on the Continent of Europe.



GREAT BLACK WOODPECKER.

The Woodpeckers are, perhaps, as numerous a tribe of birds, as any with which we are acquainted, and are to be met with in great variety in every part of the world, with the exception of New Holland and the South Sea Islands. The food of these birds consists principally of insects of different kinds, which are found in great abundance in the decayed trunks of old trees, and as these are frequently only to be obtained by great exertion and perseverance, it was necessary that the bird should be furnished with the means of penetrating the solid body of the tree in which its prey is concealed; for this purpose, its beak is made much after the form of a chisel, and on this account, one of the larger American species has received the name of "the Carpenter of the Woods."

The Woodpecker, in seeking its prey, runs round the trunk of the tree with great celerity, and climbs rapidly with the assistance of its strong claws, and the short stiff feathers of which its tail is formed. The tongue, in this tribe of birds, is very peculiar in its construction, and in the curious arrangement of muscles by which it is moved. With the assistance of these muscles, the creature can thrust it out to a considerable distance, and withdraw it again with great rapidity: this useful instrument is curiously tipped with hairs, and is used by the bird after the manner of a camel-hair pencil, dipping it into a hollow in the front of the lower half of its beak, which forms a receptacle for a quantity of a glutinous fluid, so that when it is covered, the insects among which it is thrust, adhere to it, and are withdrawn into the creature's mouth.

Speaking of an American species, the celebrated Audubon says, "The strength of this Woodpecker is such, that I have seen it detach pieces of bark, seven or eight inches in length, at a single blow of its powerful bill, and by beginning at the top branch of a dead tree, tear off the bark to the extent of twenty or thirty feet, in the course of a few hours, leaping downwards with its body in an upward position, tossing its head to the right and left, or leaning it against the bark, to ascertain the precise

spot where the grubs were concealed, and immediately after, renewing its blows with fresh vigour, all the while sounding its loud notes, as if highly delighted."

## ANNIVERSARIES IN NOVEMBER.

TUESDAY, 26th.

329 *Constantine* laid the foundation of Constantinople on the ruins of the ancient Byzantium. So great was the celerity with which the new city rose, that on the 11th of May following, it was in sufficient forwardness to be formally dedicated.

1703 *The Great Storm*, as it is emphatically called, began on this day; in London alone the damage occasioned by it is computed at a million sterling.

WEDNESDAY, 27th.

511 *Clovis I. of France* died at Paris; he was the first Christian prince, and is generally considered as the founder of the French monarchy.

THURSDAY, 28th.

1530 *Cardinal Wolsey*, Prime Minister of Henry VIII., died at Leicester Abbey.

SATURDAY, 30th.

ST. ANDREW THE APOSTLE.—In the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, we find a more circumstantial account of the calling of this holy man to be an Apostle, than is given us of any others. He was, it appears, a disciple of John the Baptist, and on his testimony to the superiority of Christ, forsook his old master to obtain clearer views of salvation, from one whom he himself had declared to be "the Lamb of God." The account contained in the fourth chapter of St. Matthew, refers evidently to a second call after our Saviour's return from Galilee, where he had retired when "John was cast into prison;" and from this time Andrew became a constant attendant on our blessed Lord. In the Acts, he is not expressly mentioned, but is supposed to have formed one of the council held at Jerusalem, on the subject of the circumcising of the Gentiles; after which he is said to have travelled through the vast regions of Scythia, and coming to Byzantium he there ordained bishops. On his return, he preached at the City of Patra, where he was so eminently successful as to excite the suspicion of the Roman Proconsul, who caused him to be scourged most barbarously, and then crucified. He lingered on the cross two days, preaching and exhorting his followers to observe how the religion he taught could enable him to despise the pains of the body, while he looked to the blessed hope that was set before him. After his death, his body was embalmed, and preserved by a pious woman, named Maximila, and when Constantine was converted, he caused his remains to be magnificently interred in the church which he dedicated to the Twelve Apostles; from hence, the legend says, they were removed, in the fourth century, by a monk, and conveyed to Scotland, the town of St. Andrew's being erected on the spot where they were deposited. The Festival of St. Andrew is the period from which the series of our Church Service begins, Advent Sunday being always the Sunday nearest the Feast of St. Andrew; and thus the fact of his being the first who followed Christ, and likewise the first called to be an Apostle, is commemorated.

## THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

DECEMBER, the tenth and last month of the Alban and early Roman calendars, is also the last month of the modern year; its quota of days varied from twenty-nine to thirty-five, until the final amendments of Augustus fixed it at thirty-one days. Under the Emperor Commodus its appellation was changed to Amazonia, but at his death its ancient name, which is derived from *Decem*, (ten,) was restored to it. The Saturnalia among the Romans was celebrated in this month, which, by a somewhat incongruous arrangement, was dedicated to Vesta, the Goddess of Purity. Among the ancient Britons the Druids held the feast of *Thor* at this season, which was called *Guil*, or *lo*, and from a corruption of this term comes our word *Yule*, still applied to it in the north, where *Yule* cakes, or dough, is yet to be met with, though nearer the capital, the term, as well as the observance of many of its festive rites, has fallen into disuse. The Saxons, before their conversion to Christianity, called it *Winter Monath*, but after that added to it the appellation of *Haligh*, or *Holy*, in commemoration of the Nativity, which has always been celebrated in this month, although the true time of our Saviour's birth is thought to have been in August. In pictures, December is generally represented by an old man pinched by cold, and vainly trying to supple his frozen fingers over a fire, his head enveloped in caps, and his body in furs; near him stands a goat, to intimate that, in its course, the sun enters the sign Capricorn at the winter solstice.

## ANNIVERSARIES.

SUNDAY, 1st.

ADVENT SUNDAY.—The season of Advent has been observed in all ages of the Church with peculiar reverence, as a solemn preparation for the festival of Christmas, and to impress our minds with a due sense of the inestimable blessings conferred on us by the coming of our Blessed Saviour in the flesh, as well as to warn us most emphatically of his second Advent, when he will come with his holy angels to judge both the quick and the dead. To this end all the services which our Church has appointed for the four Sundays in Advent tend, and their due observance must have the effect of cherishing the growth of grateful piety in our hearts.

1640 Portugal became independent of Spain under John, Duke of Braganza.

1825 *Alexander, Emperor of Russia*, died at Taganrog, in the twenty-fourth year of his reign.

## LONDON:

JOHN WILLIAM PARKER, WEST STRAND.

PUBLISHED IN WEEKLY NUMBERS, PRICE ONE PENNY, AND IN MONTHLY PARTS.

PRICE SIXPENCE, AND

Sold by all Booksellers and News-venders in the Kingdom.